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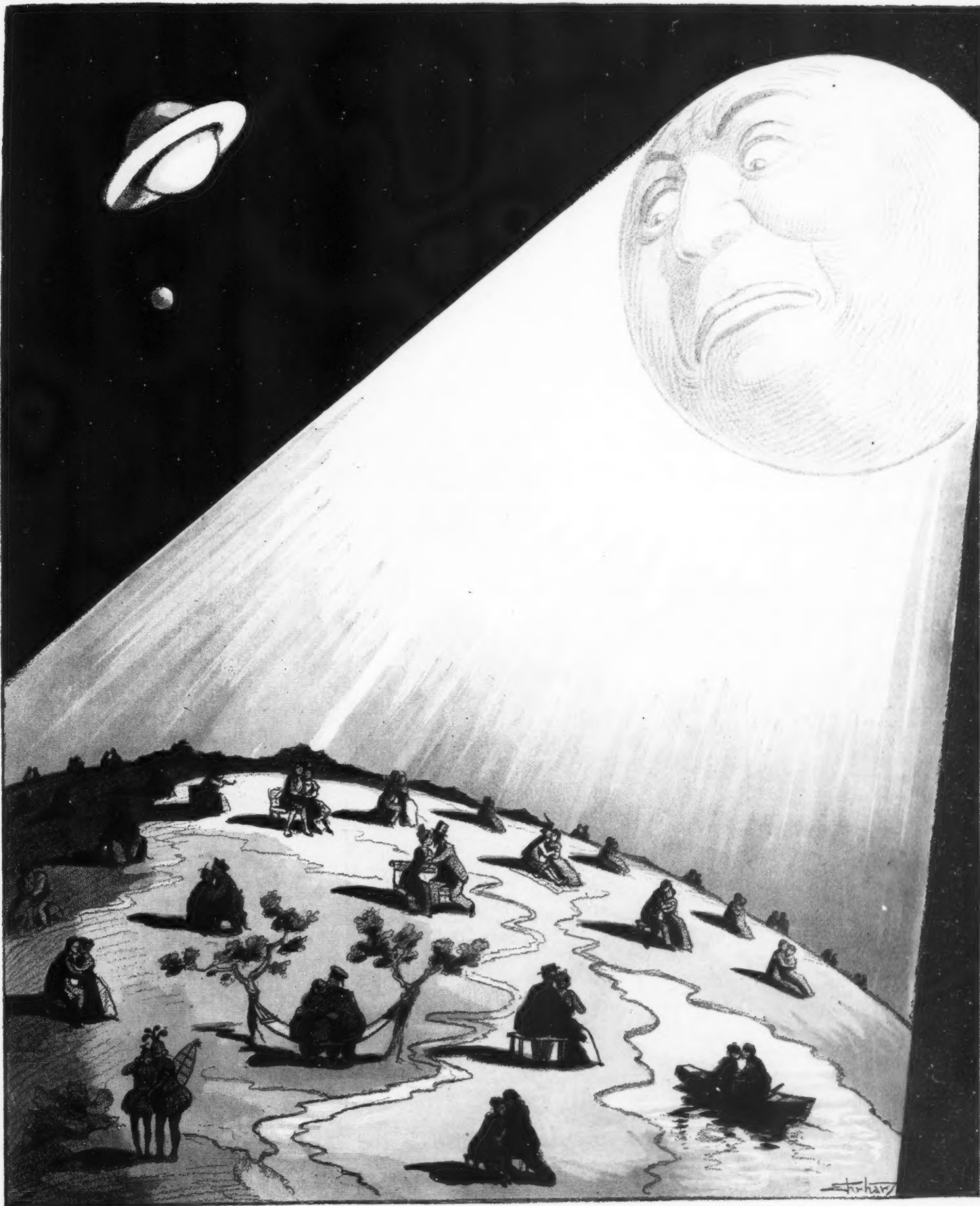
PUCK BUILDING, New York, August 9th, 1911.

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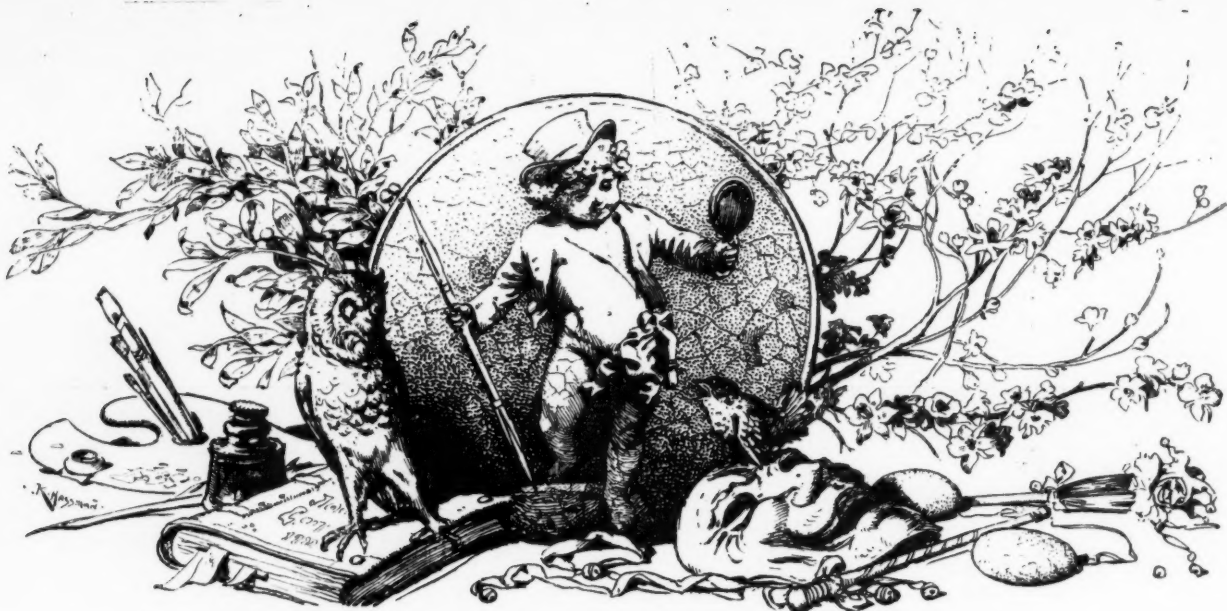
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PRICE TEN CENTS.

# PUCK



NO WONDER HE GETS FULL.  
THE AUGUST MOON.—O, but they make me sick!



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PUCK  
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## Cartoons and Comments

AS WE GO MARCHING ON.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL WICKERSHAM is not as a rule regarded as an extreme radical in politics. There are a good many persons, in fact, who appear to think him a sort of Administration hoodoo along lines quite the opposite, but every once in a while Mr. WICKERSHAM puts one over, to use a popular expression, that makes the Hon. BOB LAFOLLETTE and gentlemen of that ilk look like adamant reactionaries. Has any one gone further along the road of corporation control than Mr. WICKERSHAM did when he stated unmistakably that some day the Government might have to step in and regulate the prices for which commodities might be sold? If so, the fact has escaped us. If EUGENE V. DEBS had said that, or VICTOR BERGER, the Socialist Congressman from Milwaukee, nobody would have been surprised, but Mr. WICKERSHAM is the Attorney-General of a Republican administration, and coming from him the statement made one sit up and take notice. It made one realize that things are going some these days. It does n't do to dismiss such suggestions as the irresponsible mouthings of freaks, cranks, and theorists any more, because Mr. WICKERSHAM is a corporation lawyer, and Judge GARY, who made a similar statement in regard to price-fixing by the Government, is boss director of the Steel Trust. There has been a lot of sneering and bitter criticism of both GARY and WICKERSHAM for their rash remarks concerning Government control, but more recent comments by JOHN E. PARSONS, counsel for the Sugar Trust, on the same subject, show the opposite viewpoint in such

a striking light that one can come pretty close to realizing that the GARY-WICKERSHAM idea might not be so very radical a proposition after all. In the first place, it is safe to assume that the opinions of the Sugar Trust's counsel are the opinions of a great many other gentlemen high in the corporate affairs of the nation. Mr. PARSONS, who is old and outspoken, has only contempt, for instance, for what he terms "the dear public." Other gentlemen in like position have felt the same way, but none has been more frank in saying so out loud. As to regulation of big

corporations, Mr. PARSONS told the Congressional investigating committee before which he happened to be that he would n't have any regulation at all. There was more than an implication on his part that, so long as stockholders were satisfied, it was nobody's affair how a business was conducted. That, we may say, is a long jump from the GARY-WICKERSHAM idea that some day the Government may fix prices. But, all the same, the PARSONS viewpoint or theory, if put into operation generally—and a good many powerful persons are thoroughly in sympathy with it—would soon bring about a state of affairs which would make mere price-fixing by the Government the least of the probabilities. With ninety millions of people getting wider and wider awake every year, and realizing with more and more keenness of vision just what their rights are, only a man powerless to comprehend the trend of present affairs would presume to suggest that regulation of giant corporations dealing in food and necessities of life was all wrong. To use an outworn expression, men like GARY and WICKERSHAM see the handwriting on the wall. They see that a controlled commodity market, with prices jacked up and kept up by Monopoly, would not be, *could* not be, tolerated in this country. They know that back of all this talk of regulating corporations, tariff revision, land conservation, and the like, there is not merely the chin-music of politicians, but a widespread and growing popular demand that *will* not be silenced. The man who is hungry in a land full of food, workless in a land full of natural opportunity, hopeless in a land full of promise and possibilities, is beginning to ask WHY?



THE ONE THING THEY CAN'T CONTROL.





He is not skilled in gentle art  
To please his lady fair;  
He does not strive to win her heart  
With flowers sweet and rare.

No sonnets ripple from his pen;  
No moonlight serenade  
Awakes from dreams—of other men,  
The shy—and sleepy—maid.

No frenzied vows he'll register,  
Nor is his love revealed  
By derring-do for sake of her  
On any jousting field.

When he a-wooing goes, instead  
Of stunts like that, he'll say:  
"Let's double up, kid—on the dead,  
I got a raise to-day!"

N. B. Lovejoy.

#### IN PEACEFUL VALLEY.

How delightfully restful and peaceful it all seems," said Miss Alberta Gushington, as she drove over what she called the "heavenly hills" with Uncle Andy Broomcorn on the way to his farm-house where she was to spend two weeks as a summer boarder.

"How beautiful it is to get away from the city with all of its restless and discordant elements and into this calm and uplifting atmosphere where I cannot imagine that such a thing as discord ever enters. See that quiet, peaceful, restful little hamlet down there in the valley! Do tell me the name of that dear little hamlet."

"We call it Scrap Corners."

"O, what an unfortunate name for such a dear, peaceful-looking little place that seems the very symbol and embodiment of quiet and harmony.

How I envy the people who live their happy, harmonious lives, dwelling as they do in the very heart of nature. Are n't the people very happy there?"

"Well, I reckon they'd be happier if they was able to bit it off better together. As 't is, the county sheriff has to go out once in a while an' read the riot act to 'em, spite of 'em livin' in the 'heart o' nature', as you say. The trouble begun when Bill Bradley, the leadin' resident o' Scrap Corners, shot an' killed Joel Tanzy's bull pup because it nabbed a piece out o' Bill's youngest boy. Joel had Bill jerked up for shootin' the dog, an' then Bill would n't let Joel nor none o' his kin git no more water from his spring, an' that stirred the wimmen folks up an' then Joel put up signs forbiddin' any o' Bill's folks from gatherin' blueberries on his ground, an' so the two fam'lies have been comin' back at each other in one way or another for the last five years. Then the Elderberrys, in that yellow house down by the bridge there, they got into a muss with the Dusenberrys over a line fence an' they ain't spoke in the last six years, an' the Benders they got into a scrap with the Hiteses over a yearlin' steer that got into Hites's garden-truck in the

night an' destroyed three or four dollars' wuth o' truck, an' the Hiteses an' Benders ain't spoke since. Then the Jasters an' Snees they got into a muss because Jooley Sneed give one o' the Jaster girls a lickin' while she was teachin' the Scrap Corners school, an' Mis' Jaster she went over to the school and trounced Jooley as hard as she had trounced Lily Jaster. Fact is, Miss, that when you take it by an' large I reckon that folks livin' in the kam an' peaceful 'heart o' nature' is nothin' but pore human critters after all. I reckon that—hey? Who lives in that 'dear little white an' green house' that looks like a 'haven o' rest an' peace'? Elzina Todhunter lives there, an' if she ain't a scorcher I reckon there never was one. She's had three husbands, an' they are all livin', but they know what's good for 'em too well to come within ten mile o' Elzina. She ain't spoke to her nighest neighbor for five years, an' she keeps a gun loaded with beans on her front porch to pepper tramps an' stray dogs with. Yes, things looks all right here in Peaceful Valley, but looks is deceptive now an' then. Git up, Bally! We want to git by Gran'mam Jigger's house before she comes home from town, or she'll set her bulldog on us if she don't come out with her shotgun, she's so spited because I would n't loan her my mowin' machine when I needed it myself."

M. M.

NOAH sighted Mt. Ararat. "At last," he cried, "the mountain resort with an ocean view!"

Herewith he felt the voyage was not in vain.



#### WOMAN'S WAY.

THE FIRST BASEMAN.—And after me blowin' thirty cents on her, she trun me down fer dat kike, wot borrowed three cents uv her, an' started a bank-account wid it!

Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage, but they will keep a man in, nevertheless.

A PERFECTLY PLAIN CASE.

WURRINGTON had not intended to call upon Miss Penstyle that afternoon; in fact, he had expressly stated that he would not come; but when he went to the garage he found that his car, which had been promised him, was not finished, and he had nothing to do; so he strolled around to her house, and being told by the maid that she was in the garden, he went out there to find her.

When he drew near the pavilion he heard voices. One was a man's voice. Wurrington recognized it. He was about to turn back—for he realized he was an intruder—when he happened to turn his head a little, which gave him a straight view right through the rustic window, and he saw—yes, there could be no doubt about it. Selick had bent over and kissed her!

Wurrington was startled, to put it mildly. Only the night before he had been with Miss Penstyle, and while he had not kissed her—for Wurrington was not the kind of a chap to kiss a girl unless he really meant business—they had talked in such a manner



SEEING AMERICA FIRST.

that he was led to believe she was very fond of him. It seemed now impossible to believe. So dazed was he that he wandered forth into the street, scarcely knowing where he went. He found himself at the club. That place of refuge was deserted, except for one man—Wurrington's friend, Mayton. In a moment they were sitting together. Wurrington knew that Mayton called upon Miss Penstyle, and he therefore determined to see if that fellow knew anything more about her than he himself did.

"Edyth Penstyle is a corking girl!" he said. "You know her, of course."

Mayton jumped as if he had been shot. The suddenness of the question took him off his guard.

"I should say so!" he replied. Then he calmed down.

"I see her quite frequently," he added with significance.

"Why not?" thought Wurrington to himself. If she treated him as well as she had done, and at the same time was carrying on an affair with Selick, why should n't she also be playing Mayton? He made up his mind to assume that such was the case.

"Yes," he said, "I know you do. In fact——" He paused dramatically. "Well, we've all been looking for some announcement," he added. Mayton appeared satisfied with this statement.

"I can't say that it has gone as far as that," he said, "but there may be something doing. But, you understand, this is strictly confidential—of course I would n't say such a thing to anyone else."

"I understand. When did you see her last?"

"Yesterday afternoon. We played tennis together."

"Ah! She is fond of tennis. I did n't know that."

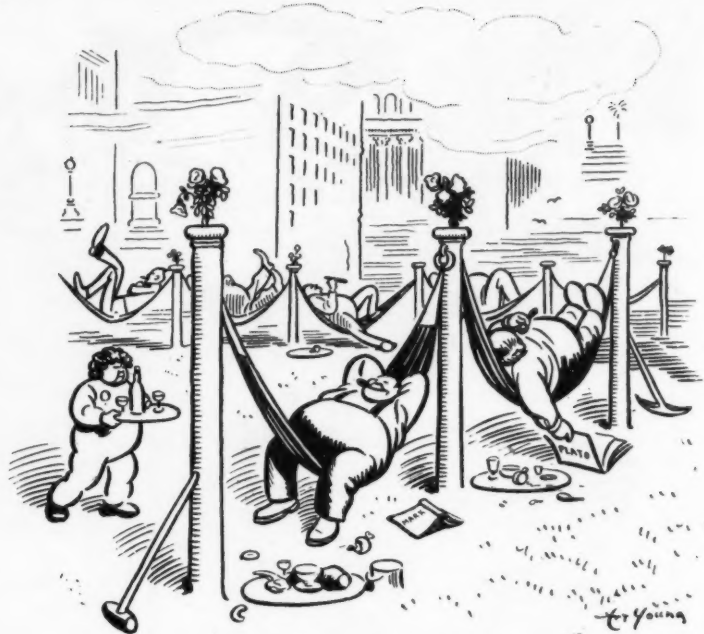
"Very fond." Wurrington leaned forward.

"Old man," he said, "please pardon my assurance, but is there anything between you and Miss Penstyle—anything binding?" Mayton paused and thought before he replied.

"It's this way," he said at last. "There is nothing absolutely definite, but a man can tell. I know that girl is extremely fond of me—I know she will marry me if I ask her, and the reason why I know it—well, I can't tell you—it's one of those peculiar feelings that a man has——"

"Have you ever kissed her?"

"No sir! You see, she's not that kind of a girl. We've been too busy playing tennis and golf."



SOCIALISM ILLUSTRATED.—II.

WHAT IT IS, ACCORDING TO THOSE WHO KNOW NOTHING ABOUT IT.

"Well, then, it may interest you to know that I feel exactly the same way toward her—or I did—as you have expressed yourself. Up to this afternoon I felt firmly that I could marry that girl if I wanted to; indeed, that there was a comradeship between us that existed nowhere else, so far as she was concerned." Mayton sat up.

"You don't say!" he exclaimed.

"Yes sir! Not only that, but this afternoon I went around to see her unexpectedly,—having told her I that would n't be there——"

"Why, I told her the same thing——"

"Well, I went around there, walked out into the garden, and what do you suppose? I'll be hanged if Selick was n't sitting in the pavilion with her—and he was kissing her."

"I can't believe it!" Mayton exclaimed. "It's impossible!"

"But I saw it with my own eyes." At this moment Selick came in.

"Have a drink, fellows!" he said cheerfully.

"No, thanks!" They looked at him gloomily.

"Um! This is about as cheerful as a Tammany gathering after a Republican victory. What's up?"

"Nothing special," said Wurrington, "except that you've been kissing the girl each of us thought he was going to marry."

"How do you know?" asked Selick.

"I saw you. I called there this afternoon unexpectedly, the maid told me to go into the garden, I went there, and I saw——"

"And to think," murmured Mayton, "that I really had an idea that girl cared for me. This is too much! Boys, what will you have?"

"And I am in the same boat," said Wurrington. "We talked of books, and I thought——" Selick turned solemnly to them.

"You are both right," he said. "What do you suppose I was really doing this afternoon?"

"What?"

Selick wrote out an order for a large cold bottle and handed it to the boy.

"Why, she told me that she could n't decide which of you fellows to marry, and at the moment you saw me I was just sympathizing with her!"

T. L. M.



A BEAT ON HIS RIVAL.

COUNTRY EDITOR (as an aeroplane comes through his roof).—At last, by jinks, we've got an item that the Banner won't have!





DOG DAYS.

TO AN EMPTY POP-BOTTLE

THROWN AWAY BY A MADLY ENTHUSIASTIC MAID AT  
THE BALL GAME.



OST FORTUNATE! How I do envy thee  
Thy happy lot; for Fortune ne'er on me  
Hath smiled. Her frown—hard, stern, austere—  
Hath soured my life, nor soft'ning lines I see.

Yet thou, insentient thing, hast known the bliss  
Of warm lips, in an eager, lingering kiss—  
A long caress that drew thy life away—  
Craves one a sweeter, happier death than this?

To know the favor of a maiden's eye;  
Soft, clinging hands, and lips whose every sigh  
Draws forth one's life—Who would not yield his  
soul  
And with the last faint protest happy die?

Louis Schneider.

NEEDED AT HOME.

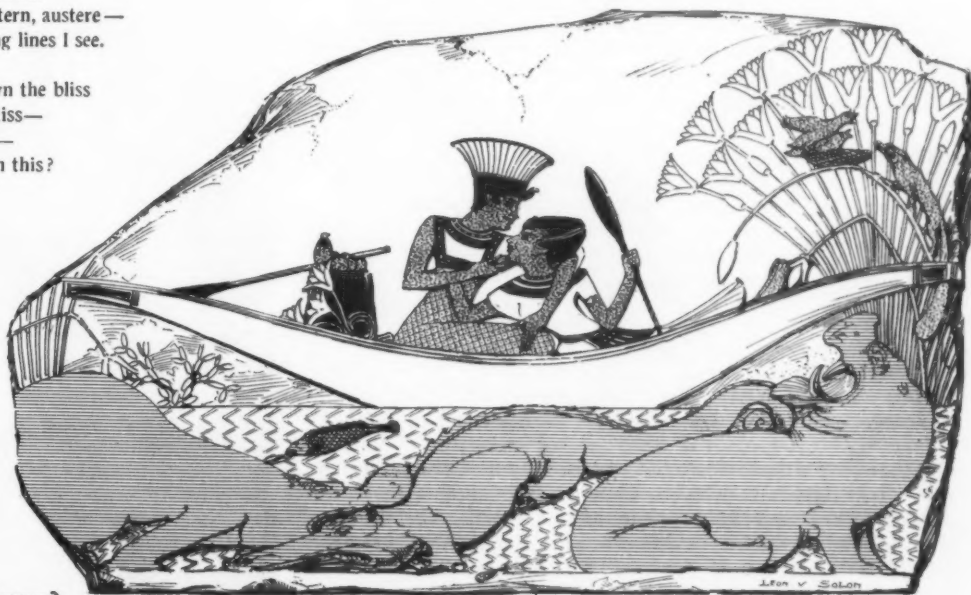
BROWN.—That is the worst-behaved kid I ever  
saw. Do you know his parents?  
JONES.—His father is one of those Scientific  
Management experts.

DEADLY EFFECT.

TEACHER.—How will they use airships in war, Jimmy?  
JIMMY.—Induce the enemy to go up in 'em, ma'am.

THE OTHER NATIONAL GAME.

MRS. GALEY (as GALEY arrives home at 6 a.m.)—Well!! What in  
the world reminded you to come home at all?  
GALEY.—The game was called on account of daylight, my dear.



CANOEING ON THE NILE.

**W**hen we do get in on the ground-floor we generally find that the elevator is  
not running.



DURING A HOT SPELL.

GENTLEMAN IN THE BACKGROUND. — Who, for the love of Mike, are those people — escaped lunatics?

SUMMER RESIDENT. — O, no; that's the new Christian Science family in the next house. They counteract the heat by imagining they are Arctic explorers.

THE MILLENNIUM.

WHEN Earth's last evil is righted, and Earth's last sinner reformed,  
When all of the graft is ended, when sin's last fortress is stormed,  
We shall rest for an age or longer, and gaze with a happy smile  
On the work that we have accomplished,—a world that is void of guile.  
But when the resting is over, and we start on the job anew,  
What will be left for the doing, and what in the world will we do?

There will be no sorrows to lighten, no poverty, crime, or pain,  
No greedy robbers to battle, no octopus to be slain;  
And those who were ever foremost in fighting the goodly fight  
Will find no foemen to grapple and never a wrong to right.  
A mood of perfect contentment the heart of the world will lull  
And each of us will be happy—and Lord! but it will be dull!

When Earth's last evil is righted—I hope I shall not be there—  
I should long for the old-time conflict, for the work and worry and care;  
There's fun in the bitter fighting, there's joy in the mighty game  
Of battling against the forces of evil and woe and shame,  
You may long for the perfect era, but I'm for the clash and jar,  
The shouts and the cheers and the tumult in the world of  
Things as They Are!

Berton Braley.

A FABLE OF THE PRESENT.

(With apologies to the man who originally told the story.)

A CERTAIN rich man became distressingly ill. He had eaten too GENEROUSLY of unripe fruit, and it took the doctor several days to bring him around again. The medical man became interested in the case and diagnosed it THOROUGHLY, for it had a PROFITABLE outlook, and after some months discovered PRONOUNCED symptoms and complications. The rich man grew ALARMED. The doctor told the patient CHANGE was absolutely necessary, and he left for New York at once to take it. The doctor took HIS and put it in his pocket-book. An EMINENT specialist in New York also looked the R. M. over carefully and said: "Take it from me: Go direct to

DARNBAD in Germany. You MAY get help there." And after DRAWING out his wallet he took the doctor's advice and the first steamer. DARNBAD ABOUNDS in doctors, and selecting one from the directory whose name he could PRONOUNCE, he called on him. Another examination, and the CURE began. Hot water on the inside, hot mud on the outside, moderate exercise, and limited feed. This process was kept up for quite a PERIOD, the patient gaining in the wrong way CONSIDERABLY—ditto his pocket-book. His confidence, though, in the treatment was UNSHAKEN, for the doctor had told him it was the AFTER-CURE (a stay in the mountains) that was to do the business. But it did not, and after spending more months and money in the Alps, getting no better RAPIDLY, he SOUGHT another doctor at SOAKEMBAD, who put him through another course, and with the same result. This continuous performance was kept up for a number of years at NUMEROUSBADS, and when nearly down and out he was induced by a friend to consult a physician in Vienna who stood VERY HIGH. He had P.D.Q., M.D., behind his name, and C.O.D. immediately in front. Of course the usual examination, and then the doctor spoke: "You have been UNFORTUNATE in getting into wrong hands. Your case is not a serious one, and you can be quickly cured, but it will cost you money, at least \$200, for you must take a long trip."

The POOR R. M. BALANCED his cash and said: "I have just that amount of my fortune left. Tell me, where am I to go?" And the doctor answered: "Hot Springs, Arkansas."

The patient ENDEAVORED to control himself; it was impossible. "Hold me!" he BEGGED the doctor, "Calm me! Give me something QUIETING at once, or I shall go crazy! I live in Little Rock! The moral of this tale is NOT dubious. Wm. H. Stickney.



FULL SWING.



NOT THE SAME LADY.

MEDIUM.—Somebody who has passed over is asking for "John"! WIDOWER.—That can't be Annie;—she would simply yell "Hey, you!"



# PUCK



PLENTY OF ROOM AT THE TOP.

## HOW THEY PAINTED.



"I'M GOING to paint my house," said Bronson.

"That so?" said Johnson. "I expect to paint mine before long. What kind of paint are you going to use?"

"I've decided to use ready-mixed paint," Bronson replied. "It's quite a lot cheaper and answers just as well."

"You're a fool if you use that stuff," said Johnson. "It's no good whatever. There's nothing to it but a little coloring-matter. It has n't any body, and your house will look like sin in a couple of years. Get your white lead and color separate and have the painter mix them. Then you'll have a good job."

"O, that's an old-fashioned notion," Bronson returned. "Ready-mixed paint is every bit as good. There isn't one painter in a hundred who'll take the trouble to mix paint thoroughly, and if it is n't well mixed it will soon crack and peel off. Prepared paint contains the same ingredients, and takes less time to apply, because it does n't take a week or two to mix it."

"You've been reading the literature of the prepared-paint people," said Johnson. "Of course they talk that way to sell their paint. But the best thing you can do is to forget it. I would n't have a house painted except in the old-fashioned way, and you're foolish if you do."

"O, nonsense," said Bronson.

"That's all foolishness. I would n't have a house painted with anything but ready-mixed paint. What color are you going to use?"

"Gray," said Johnson. "It's the only color to put on a house. It don't fade, and it don't show the dirt."

"O yes," said Bronson, "but I always hated gray for a house. Give me some nice bright color—red or green or yellow. It won't fade if it's good paint."

"Well, if you listen to me," responded Johnson, "you won't use anything but gray. Nothing sets a house off so well, and it will last for years."

"No," said Bronson, "no gray for me. I'm

going to paint the body red and trim with yellow."

When Bronson got home, his wife asked: "Well, did you order the paint?"

"No," said Bronson. "I happened to meet

## FAITHFULLY REPRODUCED.

HERCULES was keeping the big stick busy during his famous encounter with the Hydra. But, as you know, every time he struck off one head, two succeeded it. Finally the humor of the situation struck the strong man. "I'm sure giving a correct imitation of what Charlie Murphy is doing to New York State!" he chuckled.

## ANOTHER USE.

SMITH.—I did n't know you owned a motor-car; why these auto goggles?

SMYTH.—My wife has hat-pins.

## AT REGULAR RATES.

POET.—Yes, I write poetry and you raise hay; we are both producers.

FARMER.—And I reckon we both get about fifteen dollars a ton.

## BEHIND THE TIMES.

STELLA.—She eloped with the chauffeur.

BELLA.—How out of date! Why not with their bird man?

THE cry "Back to the land" is usually uttered by those who have never been there.

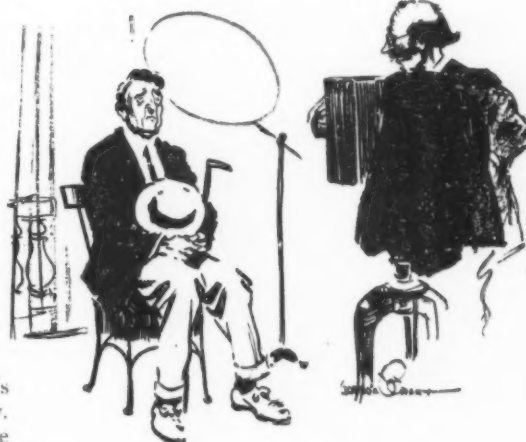


AT THE HOTEL MASQUERADE.

MR. SHRIMPINGTON.—Ah, Miss Gushing, why did n't you let me know you were coming as Omphale? I would have come as Hercules!

Johnson, and we were talking it over. I've about decided to get the lead and colors and have the painter mix them. It may cost a little more, but I guess it will look enough better and last enough better to pay. I guess those prepared paints are n't much good. And say, I guess we'd better not use such a bright color as we picked out, had we? Don't you think a nice, quiet gray would be better? It won't fade or show the dirt so soon, and I believe I'd like it better anyway."

At the same time Johnson was saying to his wife: "I guess I'll order that paint to-morrow. We may as well get at it. I met Bronson on the street, and he's going to use ready-mixed paint; and we might just as well too. It costs less and a painter can get it on a lot faster. And don't you think a nice bright yellow with red trimmings, or something like that, would look well? I've got tired of dull colors." Walter G. Doty.



HE STRIVES TO PLEASE.

PHOTOGRAPHER.—What makes you wear such a woe-begone expression?

SUBJECT.—My wife's away. I want to send one to her!



THE PUCK PRESS

THE HEMLOCK CUP OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY





UP OF THE REPUBLICAN SOCRATES.

## In the Baseball Spotlight.



V. — BROWN OF THE CUBS, A PITCHER WITH THREE WELL-TRAINED FINGERS.

### INTREPID.

OUR forces comprised twenty thousand women, as against the enemy's thirty thousand, but we were not dismayed.

Indeed, when we saw their scouts hovering near, we brought them to camp and showed them everything.

"Go!" quoth we, "and tell your general what you have seen!"

A little later these scouts, on foaming steeds, drew up at their own headquarters.

"Such bravery!" they exclaimed, breathlessly. "Those women yonder all have big feet, yet they wear white shoes without blenching!"

Whereupon the enemy, with terror tugging at their hearts, broke and fled in confusion.

### LINES TO A GIRAFFE.

O LONG-NECKED creature at the Zoo,  
How fortunate for me  
My lady fair does not compare  
In that respect with thee;  
For I should need a prince's purse,  
An income like an earl's,  
Had I to deck so long a neck  
All up and down with pearls.

### IN THE LATTER DAYS.

"You say Garston made a complete confession? What did he get—five years?"  
"No, fifty dollars. He confessed to the magazines."

### IN 1925.

OWNER (when boat arrives at New York).—  
Did you have a good voyage?  
CAPTAIN.—Pretty fair. You'd better send a man to Halifax at once by special train, though, to fix her stern.

## PUCK



### WEEK BEGINNING AUGUST SEVENTH.

Academy of Music, 14th and Irving Place. Stock Company in repertoire.

American Theatre Roof Garden, 42d St. W. of Bway. Vaudeville. Twelve All-Star Acts. Evenings 8:15.

Brighton Beach Music Hall, Brighton Beach. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily, 2:45 and 8:30.

Broadway, 41st and Bway. Lew Fields in "The Henpecks." Evenings 8:15.

Century (formerly New Theatre) Roof Garden, 62d St. and 8th Av. Elliott Schenck's Orchestra in Summer-Night "Pop" Concerts. Evenings 8:15.

Cohan's, Bway and 43d St. "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," with Hale Hamilton. Evenings 8:15. A new view of the confidence-man.

Colonial, Bway and 62d St. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily matinees. Evenings 8:15.

Columbia, Bway and 47th. Burlesque. Daily matinees 2:15. Evenings 8:15.

Criterion, Bway and 44th. John Hyams and Leila McIntyre in "The Girl of My Dreams," a new musical play. Evenings 8:15.

Folies Bergère, 46th St. and Bway. Musical Revue and Cabaret Show. Evenings 8:15.

Globe, Bway and 46th St. Valeska Suratt in "The Red Rose," a new musical comedy. Evenings 8:15.

Grand Opera House, 8th Av. and 23d. Corse Payton's Stock Co. in repertoire. Evenings 8:15.

Jardin de Paris, the New York Theatre Roof Garden. "Ziegfeld Follies of 1911."

Keith & Proctor's, Fifth Ave., Bway and 28th St. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily Matinees. Evenings 8:15.

New Amsterdam, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Pink Lady." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy de luxe founded on "La Satyre."

New Brighton Theatre, Brighton Beach. All-Star Vaudeville. Evenings 8:15. Daily matinees.

Victoria Theatre and Roof Garden, 42d St. and Bway. Hammerstein's All-Star Vaudeville. Daily matinees. Evenings 8:15.

Winter Garden, Bway and 50th St. Gertrude Hoffmann and "La Saison des Ballets Russes." Evenings 8:15.



### ON THE FUTURE LINER.

FIRST-CABIN PASSENGER.—The cars on this deck are frightfully crowded. One might as well walk to one's stateroom as to put up with such discomfort.

HIS WIFE.—Why don't you write to the Public Service Commission?



### THE OFFICIAL STRAP-HOLDER.

WHEN Mother was a little girl,  
So young she wore her hair in curl,  
It happened that her father gave,  
Each Sunday morn, his face a shave;  
And when he had his lather made,  
And then prepared to whet his blade,  
He put the tools in Mother's lap,  
And let her hold the strap.

As years went by, it may seem strange,  
But Mother never seemed to change;  
And when my sister was at play,  
And I would take her doll away,  
Or put a can on pussy's head,  
Ma would invite me to the shed;  
And then I knew I'd get a rap,  
For Mother held the strap.

And since I've grown to be a man,  
I go with Mother when I can  
To shop and buy herself a gown,  
Or visit friends about the town;  
And when we board a crowded car  
The men stay seated where they are,  
And e'en recline to take a nap,  
While Mother holds a strap.

John L. Hobbie.

### NEW DISAPPOINTMENT.

FIRST SUMMER GIRL.—So you thought a man was coming?

SECOND SUMMER GIRL.—Yes; but as we got a closer view we saw it was only a bird.

### ITS LOCATION.

LITTLE BROTHER.—Where's my fishin'-pole gone to?

BIGGER BROTHER.—Sister's usin' it for a hat-pin!

### AN IDEAL SUMMER RESORT.

NOT to the glen nor the mountains they,  
Not to the beach nor the highlands:—  
Had the kids their choice they would sail away  
To the Ice Cream Sandwich Islands.

\$\$\$ \$\$\$\$

THE above is the proper way to propose in the sign language.

### HIGH.

FIRST TRUSTEE.—But this ancient institution of learning will fail unless something is done.

SECOND TRUSTEE.—True, but what can we do? We have already raised the tuition until it is almost one per cent. of the fraternity fees.



HER GOOD-BY.



MERCY on us! Nearly half-past five o'clock and I said that I would be at home by that time, for a friend was to call me up by 'phone then, and here I am three miles from home and the trolleys are so crowded at this hour of the day that like as not I will have to let half-a-dozen go by before one will stop to take me on! That is where a man has the advantage over a woman.

He can jump on the running-board and hang on somehow, while we women—well, it's hard enough to even *walk* in our tight skirts, to say nothing of trying to *run* in them! I must go this very instant, for I promised *sure* to be at home by half-past five, and here it is now nearly six, and I am—What a beauty your Crimson Rambler rose is! It covers half of your piazza, does n't it? A cousin of mine told me the other day that she counted this year just to see how many full-blown roses her Rambler had, and there were—let me see, I can't remember whether she said it was twelve hundred and sixty-nine or nine hundred and twelve. I know that it was along there somewhere, and I don't *think* that her rose-bush is as large as yours, although it may be; but I should say that yours is larger than hers, and it seems to me that your roses are larger than hers and a deeper crimson, although I would n't dare tell her so. She is a little odd in that respect, for she seems to think that everything she has is just a little better than any one else has; but I suppose that is, after all, better than undervaluing everything one has. She is a real pessimist—or is it an optimist?—about things. Do you know that I am forever getting those two words mixed, and I don't know just which one Cousin Annie is, but I know that she is one or the other, and she—What a pity that there is so little perfume in the Rambler rose, for it is my favorite flower. What was it that Ruskin or Carlyle—or was it Ella Wheeler Wilcox?—said about roses? I know that one of them said something about 'What is so fair as a rose in June?' Or was it a day in June? Do you know that my memory is getting to be a regular sieve? I simply cannot remember anything now, yet when I was a little girl in school I had the most wonderful memory! I could commit poems of ten or twelve stanzas of a dozen lines each to memory in one evening, and now—well, I don't really think that—I heard a lecturer explain all about it one day not long ago before our Study Club. I wish I could remember just what he said but—Memory systems? Yes, I have heard of them, and I mean to inquire into them some day. Isn't it wonderful how many new things there are coming up all the time, and yet they say that there is really nothing new under the sun, and that everything new is really old in principle if not in actual practice, and—

"What a nice view you have from your piazza! Do you know, I think more of a view than of almost anything else about a house, and I always say that if I ever build a house I shall look out for the view more than anything else—that and piazzas! O, I do think that a piazza is as necessary a part of the house as a bathroom. I often say to my husband that if we ever build a house it will have a nice big bathroom and lots of piazza room if we have only two rooms. My brother has one hundred and thirty-nine and a half feet of piazza room around his house, and when I go out there and then come back to—

"No, they don't eat on it because the house stands rather near the street, and it would be so public to eat on it, but one end is screened off and Brother Henry often sleeps there on a cot and—Your brother does the same at his house? How awfully interesting that each of us should have a brother who sleeps all night on his piazza! As the old saying runs, 'How small this world is!' I thought of that when we were in Italy, and who should walk right into the art-store we were in but a cousin or a second cousin of my mother's that I had n't seen for ten years, and I did n't know that she was even on the other side! I said—



ALWAYS.

NAVILOR.—Hello, old man! Are you moving?

TAYLOR.—Goodness, no! We would n't be taking all this stuff if we were. We are just going camping for a couple of days!

"No, I did n't care so awfully for Rome. But then I never *did* care for old things as much as I do for the things of to-day. My husband raves over mummies and is always studying about them. He says he is going to have one of his own, some day; but I tell him that if he does he will keep it in his den, for I won't have it where I can see it every day. I never did care for skeletons or—My soul! If it is n't ten minutes of six, and I was to be at home to answer a telephone call at five-thirty, and here I am three miles from home and the trolleys so crowded at this hour that—

"That is so—the owners of autos *do* have an advantage over us there, but I'd rather depend on the trolleys than on an auto with only about one wheel of the thing paid for. I read the other day that not one auto in a hundred is free from a mortgage, and I positively *know* of a couple living in a four-room flat who have a four-thousand-dollar auto, and his salary is only three thousand a year and—That is true. Getting the auto is only the beginning of the trouble. The cost of running one is—

"Is that clock striking six? And here I was to have been at home to

answer—Good-by! How well your flowers are looking! I see you are like me, you love the old-fashioned flowers best, and—Well, if you want to cut me just a little bouquet I would really like to have it. I do so love flowers! Who was it said that flowers were the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul into? Sounds like Emerson or James Whitcomb Riley or—Thanks! This will do! I will put them in water as soon as I get home. Goodness only knows when I'll ever get home with the cars so crowded and—Good-by!"

Max Merryman.



GRATITUDE.

THE LION.—Ass!

THE WAITER.—Yes, sir! Thank you, sir! So many just calls me a donkey, sir!

WHEN the average minister looks into his pay envelope, he has no trouble in believing that salvation is free.

**H**andsome is that handsome does, and that accounts for the pretty penny, as distinguished from the ordinary penny.



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**Warm Weather**

**WHITE ROCK LEMONADE**  
A tablespoonful of powdered sugar.  
Juice of one lemon.  
Plenty of cracked ice.  
One pint of **WHITE ROCK**.

### THE SOLEMN ONES.

We growled at the blizzards blowin'—no friends to the wintry sleet,  
But when summer comes, with its thunder-drums, it's—"Lord, cool the blazin' heat!"

That is the way,  
From day to day—  
Weary of winter, and mad with May!

No friends to the cheerful winter, and the summer, fair an' fine,  
With the glad winds wafting blossoms over your heart and mine.

That is the way,  
From day to day—  
Solemn in winter and joyless in May!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

### A MEAN REPLY.

"Talk about man!" exclaimed the Suffragist. "What has man ever done for woman?"

"He's furnished her with a model she's trying durned hard to imitate," came a voice from the rear of the hall.  
—Boston Transcript.

### BREAD ON THE WATERS.

"Just one word of advice, son, before you go out into the world."  
"Yes, dad?"

"Always be kind to Democrats. They have their turn once in a while."  
—St. Joseph Herald.

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### WOULD MAKE HIM CARE.

**JUGGINS.**—Who was it that said if he could make the songs of the people he would n't care who made the laws?  
**MUGGINS.**—Don't know. But if he's the chap who's making the songs of the people nowadays I'd just like to have the making of the laws a little while! That's all!—Red Hen.

### HIS BETTER HALF.

**MODEST SUITOR.**—I am going to marry your sister, Jimmy, but I know I am not good enough for her.

**CANDID LITTLE BROTHER.**—That's what Sis says, but ma's been telling her she can't do any better.—Baltimore American.

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The "Pennsylvania Special" is in the highest respect the Busy Man's train. It runs in his idle hours while business rests, and delivers him when the trade of the day begins.

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Other fast trains.

### CAT BEAT HIM BACK.

The grayness of evening was creeping over the little suburb. Far away the shrill voices of newspaper boys could be heard calling the 6:30 editions, and the moon cast its pale beams on the worried woman who stood anxiously leaning over her garden gate.

"I can't make out where my husband has got to," she remarked to a neighbor. He went out nearly three hours ago with our cat, a bag, two bricks, and the clothesline. He was going to the river to drown the cat. O, what can have happened to him?"

"Don't worry, dear," said the sympathetic neighbor. "Cats take an awful time to drown, you know." "But it can't be that keeping him," babbled the distracted wife, "because the cat came back more than an hour ago." — *Tit-Bits*.

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### A DEMONSTRATION.

"Did you see Casey yesterday?" asked Mr. Dolan.

"I did," replied Mr. Rafferty. "It's him that was walkin' up and down in front of my door manoeuvrin'."

"Manooverin', was it?"

"Yes; shakin' his fist and makin' it clear he felt able to whip somebody, but bein' careful not to mention any names."

— *Washington Star*.

"Do you mean to say that you married for money?"

"In a way I did. I got married because I could n't afford to stay engaged any longer."

— *Detroit Free Press*.

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### SPORTY DOCTOR.

"You say he's a professional man?"

"Yes."

"But I thought he followed the automobile racing?"

"He does. He's a doctor." — *Toledo Blade*.

### DOUBLE TROUBLE.

"Who gets the custody of the automobile?"

"I told my wife she might have it. I can't keep a machine and pay alimony too." — *Courier-Journal*.

"I HEAR your rich uncle is dead."

"Yes."

"And what did he leave?"

"A widow we'd never heard of." — *Milwaukee News*.

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### THE LOST CLAW.

"Ere, mister, this lobster's only got one claw."

"I'm sorry, sir, but you know lobsters fight one another, and I expect this one lost in the fray."

"Well, take it away, and bring me the winner." — *The Tatler*.

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Shed Fruits, 10  
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"You to  
"Did I,  
"Henry  
"No, de  
dream if I sa  
"A bad  
elling "Robb  
of other thing  
freely—and I  
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"Yes," r  
—Saturday

DINER (C  
will, waiter.  
WAITER.  
DINER,—



# **HIGH LIFE** **THE CHAMPAGNE BEER** **OF BOTTLED** **MILLER-MILWAUKEE**



"Where did you first meet your wife?"

"On a bicycle trip, where she came to my aid with cigarettes and I reciprocated with needle and thread."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

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## UP TO HENRY.

"You talked dreadfully in your sleep last night, Henry."

"Did I, my dear? Wh-what did I say?"

"Henry, you are leading a double life!"

"No, dear, don't—don't say that. I think I must have been having a bad dream if I said anything that seemed to indicate——"

"A bad dream! I should think you were having a bad dream. You kept yelling 'Robber!' 'Rotten!' 'Kill him!' 'Run it out, you lobster!' and a lot of other things that were just as absurd. I want you to confess now—fully and freely—and I promise you that if it is anything a good woman should forgive, I will forgive you."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

## THE DRAMATIC ATMOSPHERE.

A comedian, who was known to be in desperate straits, was invited to a social gathering one evening. When the poor actor arrived he was seen to be thinly clad, although the weather was bitter cold. He looked also as if he had not had any too much nourishment for some time. The hostess greeted him cordially.

"I am so glad to see you," she said. "How well you are looking!"

"Yes," replied the comedian, "the wind has been very nutritious of late."—*Saturday Evening Post*.

## A QUESTION.

DINER (who has just had what was described as "hashed mutton").—My bill, waiter.

WAITER.—Yessir. Now, let me see, wot did you 'ave?

DINER.—I have not the slightest idea.—*M. A. P.*

## HIS LITTLE GAME.

A man who used to be in politics and was a constant borrower found himself in need of a new hat. But he could n't find anybody who would lend him a cent.

Finally he went to an acquaintance and said:

"I want to borrow \$50 for five minutes."

"You can have it if you will put up a couple of fingers for security."

"Nix, now. I've got a scheme. You lend me the fifty and you need n't let me get out of your sight. If you do it I'll stake you to a new hat."

Mystified, but curious, the acquaintance agreed to this, and the two repaired to a prominent hat-store.

"Wait a minute," said the adventurer, and left his backer doing sentry duty on the sidewalk.

Picking out the most important-looking personage in the store the politician went up to him and said:

"I am So-and-so of the —— district. I have come to pay for two hats for which I gave orders on you to two of my constituents."

With that he flashed the \$50 bill.

There was a scurrying around, a search of books, and a reply that no such orders had been presented.

"Just look out for them, will you?" said the district leader, waving the big bill, which was hypnotic in its way, for the clerk bowed low and said Yes.

Half an hour later two orders were presented and two hats left the store.—*Chicago Evening Post*.

## MONOLOGUE FOR TWO.

"Well, have you heard the news?" asked a friend, brightly. "My wife and I are going on the vaudeville stage. A clever fellow has written an act for us, and we are going to put it on next week."

"Good work, old man," he exclaimed, enthusiastically. "What is it—a song-and-dance act or a society sketch?"

"Neither—it is a monologue."

"A monologue? I thought you and your wife were both in the act?"

"We are. But—do you know my wife?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

## MONKS WIN RIGHT TO CHARTREUSE

United States Supreme Court Favors  
Carthusian Order in Fight to Protect  
Secret of Its Liqueur.

By a decision of the United States Supreme Court the Carthusian monks, who make the celebrated liqueur known as chartreuse, have won their fight against the Cusenier Company, a New York corporation, to prevent the latter from using the trade mark and other indicia of the monks' product in the sale of a similar cordial in this country. The Cusenier Company acts as agent for the French liquidator, Mons. Henri Lecontier, appointed by the French court to take possession of the property of the monks in France under the Associations act of 1901.

Following the forcible removal from their monastery, near Voiron, in the Department of Isere, in France, the monks took their liqueur manufacturing secret with them, and set up a factory in Tarragona, in Spain, and there have continued to manufacture the cordial, importing from France such herbs as were needed for the purpose.

The French liquidator, it is alleged, undertook to make a cordial identical with or closely resembling the monks' product.

In about all substantial details the claims of the monks have been upheld, except that the defendant company has not been held in contempt. Justice Hughes wrote the decision. The jurisdiction of the Circuit Court was upheld. It was also set forth that the monks' non-use of the trade mark did not constitute abandonment and that the French law affecting it could not have any extra-territorial effect as far as this country was concerned, and that the monks have an exclusive right to the use of the word Chartreuse in the sale of their product in the United States.—*New York Herald*, June 20, 1911.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

"SHE seems a brilliant conversation-  
alist?"

"Rather; you ought to hear her play  
whist."—*The Throne*.

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that you read in  
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have been looking for  
ever since.

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— YOU,  
WALK!"**

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*The Flavor Lasts!*